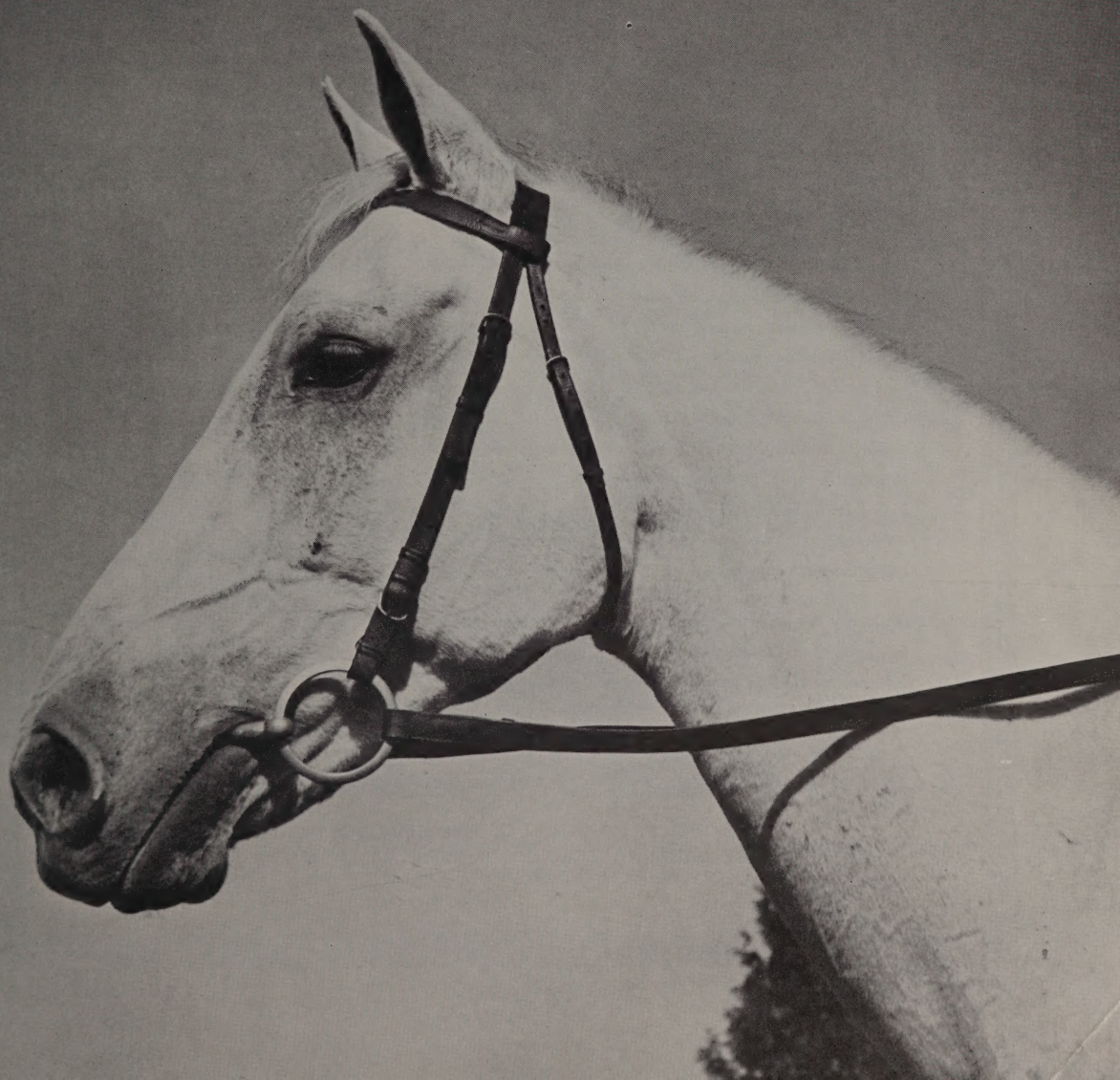


Our Fourfooted Friends

Published Quarterly by the Animal Rescue League of Boston

JUNE 1954



He Helped to Build Our Conscience



HENRY BERGH was the last man you'd have expected to get himself involved in other people's troubles. He was rich, handsome and well-born, given to silk hats and fancy vests, a sophisticate

and a dabbler in the arts. He was the sort of man you'd expect to find looking a little bored in a box at the opera, or lolling on the deck of a steamer bound for Monte Carlo. And, to tell the truth, those were the places you'd have found him for more than half his life.

Then, at the age of 53, something happened to Henry Bergh. He discovered cruelty. Like most people of his time, he had always been aware that teamsters sometimes beat their horses, that people sometimes kicked stray dogs, that cattle in slaughterhouses were treated with needless brutality. He had known all this, and, like most people, had thought no more about it. Suddenly, he could think of nothing else. To defend all creatures who couldn't hit back became the most important thing in his life.

So Henry Bergh, in his top hat and loud vest, began to roam the streets of New York, looking for cruelty. He became the protector of the

tired horse, the homeless mutt, and the steer marked for slaughter. He had no law to help him, no authority, no allies. Many people called him a meddler, and most considered him a bit of a crank.

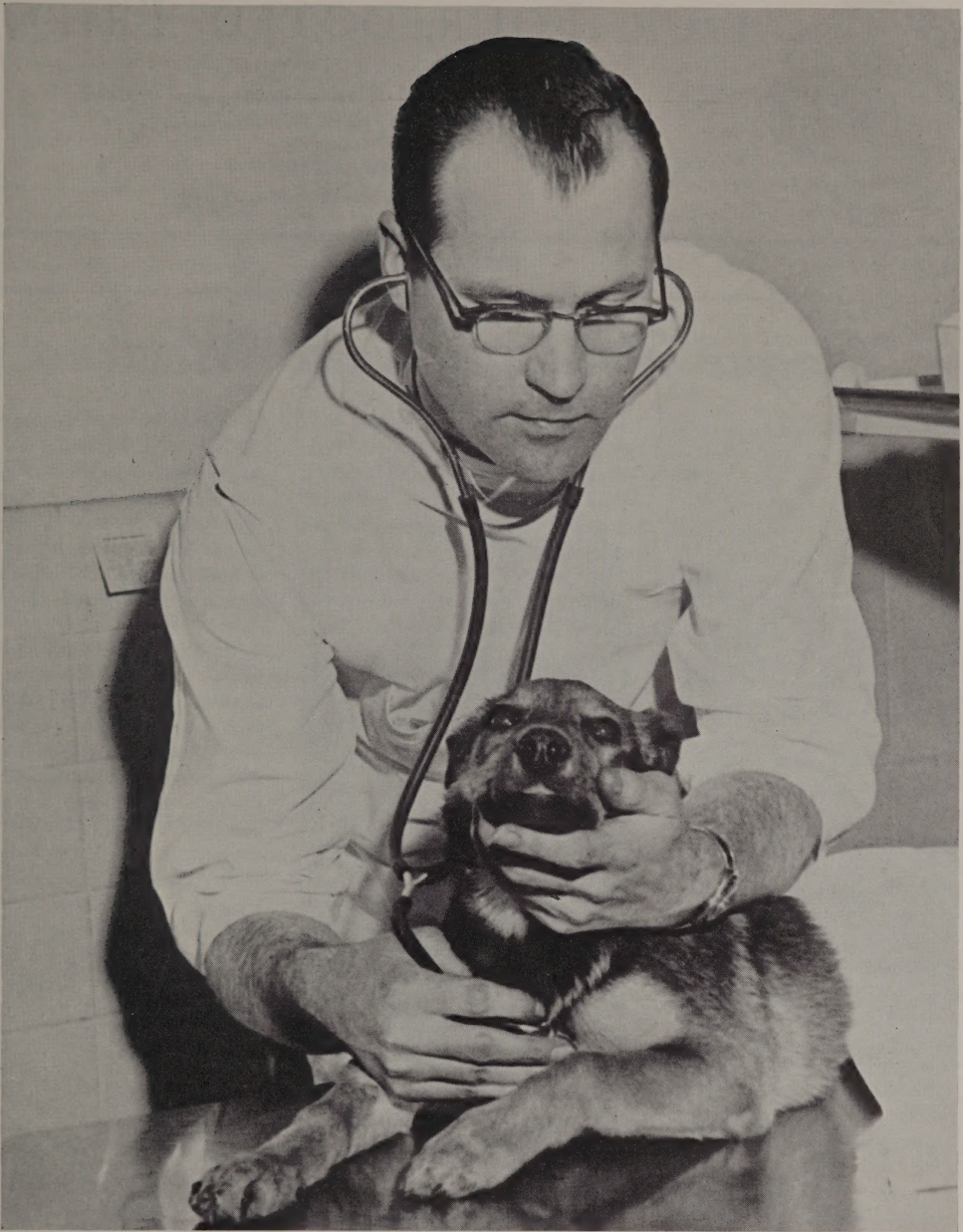
Wasn't it a little ridiculous, they thought, for a grown man to get that excited about a mere animal?

Henry Bergh thought not, and finally it was we who changed our minds. Today there are hundreds of societies doing the work he started, and nobody thinks they are ridiculous; nobody believes that kindness is unworthy of grown men. For we have come to understand that what Henry Bergh did for animals was not nearly so important as what he did for us. It was not only the beaten dog he saved, but the beater.

In a democracy, which is simply an agreement among people to be decent with each other, the conscience of a man is as important as any law. Henry Bergh, who dressed like a dandy and acted like a crank, was one of the builders of the American conscience—one of the men who helped us remember to try to be as good as we know how.

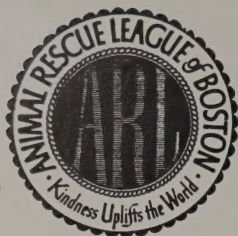


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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS)



Record-American Photo by Louie Teton

THE LEAGUE IN ACTION: *Dr. John Donnellan, League Veterinarian, gives post-operative checkup to mongrel German Shepherd. Canines are given the best of medical attention and care at the League Clinic.*



OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS

(Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Published Quarterly by the Animal Rescue League of Boston

51 Carver Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

Editor: CARLTON E. BUTTRICK

Associate Editor: MARGARET MORSE COFFIN

Vol. 51

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No. 2

League Holds Annual Meeting

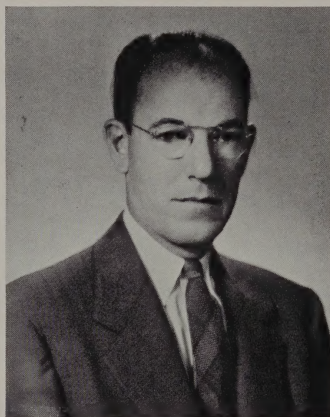
THE annual business meeting of the Animal Rescue League of Boston was held this year in the League's Education Center, 53 Carver Street, on March 9 with Carlton E. Buttrick, President, presiding. In making his annual report, the President briefly summarized the steps leading up to the League's origin as well as paying tribute to the loyalty and faithfulness of the Society's directors and staff. Mr. Buttrick's remarks follow:

"The Animal Rescue League of Boston is 55 years of age. Organized February 9, 1899 and incorporated March 13 of the same year, we celebrate its birthday and honor the founder, Mrs. Huntington Smith, at this, the fifty-fifth annual meeting of the society.

"Perhaps a brief account of the League's origin and the reasons for its existence may be of interest. In January, 1899 Mrs. Smith inserted a letter in the Boston Transcript setting forth the great need of a place within the city, and easy of access, to which lost or homeless dogs and cats could be taken. It was also shown that not only was such a place needed for homeless dogs and cats that were roaming the city half starved and often diseased, seeking a shelter wherever they could hide themselves, but also for those unfortunate ones that are cast out of their homes, sent away and purposely lost, or given to

irresponsible persons to dispose of as they please. It was suggested that the owners of such animals might take a more humane method of getting rid of them if a place were established to which they could be taken.

"It was further pointed out that many cities both in this country and abroad have such places of refuge,



Carlton E. Buttrick, League President

and that in this great need Boston was decidedly behind the times, and an appeal was made that a society be formed, not for social distraction, but for lessening the sufferings of the so-called lower creation by an active and practical work.

"The response was immediate and heartening — and the Animal Rescue League was organized with 110

members. On March 2, 1899 is recorded the first meeting of the subscribers with the intention to constitute a corporation for the purpose of *'the establishment of one or more refuges for and the rescue and relief of suffering or homeless animals and any other charitable or benevolent act for the welfare of animals.'*

"It was natural that Mrs. Smith met with many obstacles and adverse criticism, many people feeling she should devote her energies and attention to proper care of children, but she always asserted that one could not separate children and animals, and that in teaching children kindly consideration for every living thing the seed of better character and citizenship was being planted. However, obstacles instead of discouraging Mrs. Smith always acted as an incentive, for she felt the greater obstacles overcome, the greater the achievement. She climbed over them and went onwards toward the goal of the vision she had ever before her. To state it simply, Mrs. Smith intended from the beginning to answer directly the call of distress of every animal within practical territorial limits when justified by circumstances and to help in the development of agencies in both near and far places toward the end that relief of suffering creatures would be prompt and efficient. This was the creed by which Mrs. Smith lived and worked and

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the high respect in which the Animal Rescue League of Boston is held not only locally but nationally and internationally is a monument to the fact that her theory was sound.

"Fifty-five years have not erased obstacles to the efficient operation of a society devoted to animal welfare. Changing world conditions present new problems and new challenges which must be met and faced. The advent of the automobile has all but eliminated horses on the street, just as the tractor has decreased the number of work horses on the farm. But the popularity of horseback riding as a recreation has doubled the number of saddle horses and stables where they are rented and housed. There are more cattle, sheep, and swine than ever before to fulfill the demands of an ever increasing population. And a recent survey by the American Can Company shows that pet dogs and cats now exceed the number of families in the United States, 49.3 million to 41 million. Though cats outnumber dogs, they are concentrated in fewer households, dog-owning families exceeding cat-

owning ones by nearly 5 million. A similar study made six years ago, on dogs only, showed a canine population of 17 million, which means that Man's Best Friend has been increasing at the rate of about 900,000 a year. These figures include only *owned* dogs and cats, and do not refer to the many other animals, birds, and fish kept as household pets. It takes little imagination to realize the constantly increasing demands that such a huge pet population makes on an animal protective society. It also indicates greater efforts in the field of humane education.

"A changing economy represents another obstacle to charitable organizations such as the League. Income has not kept up with increased costs of labor, food, drugs, utilities, and other items so essential to efficient operation, although happily the League's deficit for the past fiscal year shows a decrease from that of 1952. This saving was the result of more economy in purchasing and an improved income and every effort is being made to reduce costs where possible and to increase our income

from various sources.

"To review the thousand and one things the League does during the course of the year is impossible in a message of this kind. A detailed report of the year's activities appeared in the March issue of *OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS* and perhaps it is sufficient to say here that these services could not be carried on successfully without the assistance and co-operation of many individuals. The Board of Directors have, as always, given constructive effort to the formulation and direction of policies regulating the affairs of this organization. They are all busy men and women of wide experience, hence for them to devote themselves to this service is indeed a testimonial to the value they place upon the League's program. Nor can I refrain from voicing my warm appreciation of their courtesies and helpfulness to me.

"Three changes occurred in the League's directorate during the year just ended. Very regretfully, the resignations of the Misses Harriet G. Bird, Elizabeth W. Storer, and Helen L. Storer were accepted. Each of these wonderful ladies whose devotion and loyalty to this Society is well known was immediately elected an Honorary Vice President, and the League is honored and fortunate to have them continue as a part of the official family. By the power granted in the by-laws, the Board elected to fill the existing vacancies with three other ladies whose interests in the affairs of the League have been well demonstrated — Mrs. George M. Cushing, Jr., Mrs. James R. Hammond, and Mrs. Charles W. Phinney. Already they are taking an active part in the Board's deliberations and as members of several committees.

"The same spirit of loyalty and faithfulness to duty and the League is found in the executive staff and employees who are called on to handle the daily tasks demanding special

(Continued on next page)

In Memoriam

It is with deep and profound sorrow that we record the passing of Miss Helen L. Storer on April 25, 1954.

Miss Storer served as a vice president of the League in 1927 and 1928 and was elected to the Board of Directors in 1929, a position she held continuously until her resignation in the fall of 1953, at which time she was unanimously elected an honorary vice president.

Miss Storer, also, has been closely associated with the League's Annual Fair from its inception over fifty years ago. Together with her sister, Miss Elizabeth W. Storer, she was a tower of strength, and her efforts in its behalf did much toward its growth into a successful function. She was a hard, persevering worker through all the years even though on occasions it took real courage to carry on. One of her last acts before her fatal illness was to send a check to the League to be applied to the 1954 Fair. Her thoughtfulness, kindness, and generosity earned our great respect and affection which have grown through the years.

In Miss Storer's passing the League has lost a fine friend and champion and the humane field in general has suffered a great loss.

(Continued from page 5)

attention and solution. It is not always easy to fulfill the desired objectives, but their willingness to try and, if necessary, try again, deserves recognition. The last year has seen several changes in the executive and professional staff. Early in February, 1953 Miss Ruth A. Ballou was employed as Secretary to the President. Miss Ballou was well prepared for her new position, coming to the League from the Wellesley Public Schools where she was secretary to the superintendent. A graduate of Brown University and the Katharine Gibbs School, Miss Ballou also has had secretarial experience in the business field in Providence and New York.

"With the resignation of H. Clifford Boshan as Executive Manager, Earl E. Wentzel, a member of the League staff since 1946, was appointed Assistant to the President. Mr. Wentzel was graduated from Pennsylvania State College in 1941, but after a year of graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania he was called into the military service. Released from the army in 1946, Mr. Wentzel found here at the Animal Rescue League of Boston the opportunity to realize his life's ambition of service in the field of animal welfare.

"On August 1, George J. Pillsbury became a full-time member of the League family and was assigned to the task of better acquainting the public with the services and facilities offered by the League. Mr. Pillsbury is not unacquainted with the League, having worked here three years under a cooperative plan while studying at Northeastern University from which he was graduated in June, 1953.

"A change in the veterinary staff resulted when Dr. Ronald Lambert resigned to enter private practice in western Massachusetts. He was replaced by Dr. Frank Dost, returning to the clinical staff after a year's absence. Dr. Dost, a graduate of Wash-

ington State Veterinary College, has contributed greatly to improving the supervision of the physical condition and health of the animals in our shelter.

"It is with sincere regret that the President records the passing, on March 3, 1953, of Mrs. John M. Finlayson, a devoted employee since 1934. For twelve years Mrs. Finlayson was Manager of the League's Lynn Branch and later served as clerk of the Lost and Found Department at the Albany Street shelter, where through her sympathy and understanding she gained many friends for the League.

"It is with mixed emotions that the President reports the retirement of Miss Mary E. Boutelle — a personal feeling of loss merged with a sincere wish of happiness for her. Thirty-two years of devoted and loyal service is not easily written off as was indicated at a farewell dinner tendered Miss Boutelle by officers, directors, and staff on the evening of January 29, 1954. Loved and respected by all who know her, Miss Boutelle epitomizes the best of the Animal Rescue League of Boston.

"In closing, the League is deeply grateful to the press, and radio, and television stations for generous amounts of publicity; to the Police, Fire and Health Departments of the City of Boston; to school officials and teachers; and especially to our many members, friends, and supporters who make the continuance of our protective efforts for animals possible.

"As an organization devoted to service, the League is proud of its record. It helps families who are looking for animals and animals who are looking for families. It offers expert advice to pet owners on the intelligent care and feeding of their pets. It provides skilled veterinary service for sick animals regardless of the owner's ability to pay. It investigates cases of cruelty and suffering and works to reduce injuries to livestock

through improper handling and transportation. It teaches children and adults to have a kindly consideration for all sentient life. And it performs an important safety service by caring for hundreds of stray animals that would otherwise wander the streets, a potential menace to health.

"The Animal Rescue League of Boston stands always ready to help. It, in turn, deserves the support of all humane minded citizens."

Following the President's message, John Grew, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented a slate for election to the League's Board. Directors unanimously elected were: Mrs. Thomas W. Storrow, to serve for one year; Jonathan G. Butler, to serve for two years; and John M. B. Churchill, Mrs. Rockwell Coffin, John Grew, Mrs. Charles W. Phinney, George Putnam, Jr., and Carlton M. Strong to serve for three years. Messrs. Butler, Putnam and Strong will be serving on the Board for the first time.

Robert Baldwin, Treasurer, reported that the League's books had been audited by the firm of Scovell Wellington & Co., stating that for the year ending January 31, 1954, income had increased by \$4,700.00 over the previous year; expenses decreased by \$8,500.00; and the operating deficit reduced to \$34,000. It is hoped that this figure may be further reduced, but in this era of high costs any reduction will depend on the generous support of those interested in animal welfare as well as close control of expenses, Mr. Baldwin said.

Highlighting the meeting was the presentation of the American Humane Association's 30-year service pin to Miss Mary E. Boutelle, who retired from active duty with the League on January 31, 1954. In making the presentation, the League's President, who also is a Vice President of the American Humane Association, said, "For over thirty years

Miss Boutelle has been a loyal and faithful servant of the humane cause. She has contributed much and this award is well-deserved."

Following adjournment of the business meeting, members and guests were delightfully entertained by the Walt Disney film, "Seal Island." Filmed in color, "Seal Island" is a fascinating, authentic story of drama and humor played against the rugged background of the Pribilof Islands. This interesting feature put everyone in a sociable mood, ready to enjoy the festive tea that concluded the events.

The Board of Directors, following the instructions of the by-laws, elected the following officers at their regular monthly meeting in April:



Photo Courtesy Boston Globe

Miss Mary E. Boutelle receives the American Humane Association's 30-year service pin from Mr. Buttrick.

<i>President</i>	CARLTON E. BUTTRICK
<i>First Vice-President</i>	ROBERT BALDWIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	PHILIP W. TRUMBULL
<i>Secretary</i>	JAMES JACKSON, JR.
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	MISS RUTH A. BALLOU

Honorary Vice Presidents

HON. PERCIVAL P. BAXTER
MISS HARRIET G. BIRD
MRS. LEVERETT BRADLEY
ADM. RICHARD E. BYRD

MRS. FRANK H. CHEEVER
MRS. JOHN M. B. CHURCHILL, SR.
MRS. HOWARD A. CROSSMAN
H. W. DUNNING

MRS. WILLIAM ENDICOTT, 2D
MISS ANITA HARRIS
DR. J. WALTER SCHIRMER
MISS ELISABETH L. STORER

MRS. EZRA R. THAYER

MISS HELEN L. STORER

EQUIPMENT *for the* LEAGUE

FROM time to time in these pages, the editor has seen fit to mention a few of the needs of the League, some of which could be filled by the use of second-hand equipment which had outgrown its usefulness for the original owner. However, the advertising of our needs is not limited to the pages of this magazine. Our own employees, who are daily conscious of some limited facility, are frequently the best solicitors for the items of which we stand in need. For some little time it had been considered advisable to replace the small inadequate sink in the Shelter kitchen, where the food is prepared and the

pans washed for an average of over 100 animals daily. The cost of a new sink was considered to be beyond what we could afford to invest in such equipment at the time, since other items of repair and maintenance seemed to demand more immediate action. One of our employees contacted his friends and finally found that Mr. Samuel Krueger of the City Plumbing and Supply Company, 988 Harrison Avenue, Boston, had a large double tub sink on hand that he would donate to the League.

We wish to express herewith our sincere thanks to Mr. Krueger for his thoughtful and timely gift to the

Animal Rescue League, which will make it possible for us to more efficiently achieve the standards of cleanliness that we maintain for the animals in our Shelter.

NATIONAL CONVENTION

ATLANTA
GA.

OCTOBER 25-28
1954

(This article was written by Sumner Kean and appeared in the November, 1953, issue of *The Morgan Horse* and is reprinted here through the courtesy of The Morgan Horse Club, Inc.)

"SOLD TO MISS BIRD." The sorry looking crowbait was led away and the auctioneer's clerk chalked up \$8 against the name of the dark-haired young woman who jostled hostlers, cabbies and truckmen on the floor of the noisome sales stable.

Before the evening was over, two more refugees from man's inhumanity to animals had been knocked down to the young woman at prices ranging from \$8 to \$10. Then, after she had satisfied herself that the remaining horses on the sales list were reasonably sound, and, because of their condition and general usefulness, sure of a good home, then — and only then did she leave.

That was 50 years and 6000 horses ago but Harriet Bird still maintains her Red Acre farm in Stow, Mass. In the red barns which housed for half a century the recipients of her bounty a half dozen elderly, bunged-up horses live as fine a life as good care and feed could give them. A handsome 22-year-old hunter with a bad ankle pricked ears at us as we walked through the immaculate stables. The big black mount of an army colonel interrupted his evening meal to gaze contentedly from his big box. The fine-headed American Saddle mare, pushing 40 and unable to longer eat hay, left her mash to wet-lip us over the partition.

"Dear old thing" murmured Miss Bird as she cuddled the mare's muzzle on her shoulder. "She's been a grand mare. She was so thin when she came here. Then, for a few years she was able to maintain normal weight but she's fading now." The fat belly and thin ribs confirmed this diagnosis. But the pricked ears and bright eyes still showed love of life — life at Red Acres.

In the lovely white cottage of the

farm where the benefactress took me I found difficulty in extracting the story of this labor of love.

The woman who had devoted her entire life and part of a fortune to allay suffering in the animals she loved was loath to elaborate on this singularly successful achievement.

But a reporter's doggedness to his task at last paid off. From a priceless chest-on-chest she took pamphlets describing the work at Red Acres — that and albums of faded snapshots of long-gone horses and their comeback at the farm. We talked of bringing back horses almost lost over the brink of oblivion which so often is the destiny of those whose usefulness is ended. We talked of diseases, injuries and the impairments of age. Gradually the reticence fell away and Miss Bird stood revealed as the true horsewoman she really is.

"My father owned this farm — he kept it as a summer place. When he died I came into possession of it. That was in 1902.

"I had always loved to drive and ride — I had always loved horses and that was when I decided that Red Acres would become a haven from suffering for horses."

Those were the days before fat horses commanded such a price for fox, mink and dog food. In the autumn the Boston, Worcester and Lowell sales stables were glutted with horses whose owners had dumped them rather than carry them through the winter. Disease, old age and starvation were the common ailments. The decrepit nags, sans life, hope and the power to endure, sagged at the lowest ebb in these places where transferral of ownership merely meant a switch from a bad lot to a worse.

These were the horses Miss Bird bought. Most of them were so far gone that the only kindness that could be extended them was death. This they were given as mercifully as possible. Often, during the autumn as

The Woman ... WHO OWNED 6000 HORSES

... and there was something wrong with every one of them

many as a hundred found surcease from the horrors of domestication — found sleep and rest because a big-hearted woman cared enough to invade the dank pits of the sales rooms.

But the horses which still had a spark, those, despite an unsoundness, well enough to enjoy long years of restful life — these found a haven at Red Acres. More than 30 were customarily stabled there in the first quarter of the century. They were the wornout cab horses and dray animals of Boston, many of them young enough but suffering incurable hoof and leg ailments. There were broken-winded roadsters and finely-bred saddle mounts — in short, all kinds. In a steady stream they moved in — the counterpart of today's rusted auto heaps which dot our main highways. But in contrast to these automotive wrecks which yield over a period of years a profit from a filched carburetor, a wheel or a horn, these equine "junks" had nothing left to salvage but life.

There was the case of the finely-bred hunter.

"Several Boston women called to my attention the case of a junkman's horse," she recalled. "He was so emaciated and lifeless that they beseeched me to acquire him. I did, for \$23. The first three days at the farm he refused his feed. All he wanted to do was rest. Then he started to eat and in a few days we turned him out. He cavorted around the yard and in sheer exuberance leaped a five-bar gate. I watched him and then took a saddle and bridle down to the corral.

I placed the saddle on the top bar. He came over, smelled it and rubbed the seat with his muzzle.

"He came back rapidly and turned out to be a beautiful animal. His only failing was age — someone had sold him when his period of usefulness had ended."

Case after case she recalled, back in those days just before World War I when the nation had not yet become motorized. At one time there were 42 veterans stabled at the farm. Then came the war. Red Acres continued to operate but the proprietor was called to service — to the Red Star, equine counterpart of the Red Cross. She travelled through the west and mid-west to cavalry and artillery posts to remount station — in short to every spot where horse conscripts were assembled. In the early days of the war, so undergeared was our war effort that it was not unusual to have a hundred mounts delivered to a spot where there was not even a fenced-in enclosure, where there was dearth of not only accommodations but feed as well.

The young New Englander carried the authority to provide and she exercised this privilege to the utmost when necessary. Medications and other needed supplies she bought and supplied to army veterinarians and cavalry sergeants — enough to tide them over until the war effort caught up with the business of supplying, in sufficient quantity, the animals the army had quickly purchased in such vast numbers.

She recalled an incident of a remount station where doubting cav-

MISS HARRIET G. BIRD

Miss Bird is an honorary Vice-President of the League and a former officer and director.

alry officers sought to put her horsemanship to the test.

"Can you bandage a knee?" they wanted to know and she obliged. In competition with army experts and under the amused scrutiny of the officers she bandaged a knee. "Did it hold? why of course it did. Until I left the post, at least," she recalls.

She told of a shipment of horses held together by the expedient of a bellwether. "Did you know that a belled mare can hold a bunch of mules?" she asked me. I did not and admitted it. "You're no horseman then," she replied. I hastened to point out that I made no pretense of being a mule man and she smiled her acceptance of the correction.

"How much would you estimate 50 years of horse-charity has cost?" I asked and she replied, "I haven't the slightest idea" — and she hasn't. She merely saw a job to be done and did it without thought of cost or effort.

I thumbed through three packed snapshot albums.

Pictured were horses in the last stages of existence. Horses hanging in slings. Blind horses being carefully guided into stalls. Horses so weak they sprawled on the grass as flat as a rug. Horses so thin their atrophied muscles pulled their almost bare



bones into all kinds of weird distortions.

And then there were the "after" pictures. Horses in groups on lush pasture. Horses in harness, single and double. Horses under saddle, fat, frisky and contented. Horses, horses, owned, stabled, photographed without regard for conformation, breed or type. Just horses, loved and cared for because of their species.

Then came the 20's and 30's. Came the automobiles and the birth of generations of mechanical-minded youngsters. Gone were the horse-users and many of the horse-lovers as well. Only here and there existed a family with youngsters inheriting parents' love of horses and the pleasure derived from riding and driving them. The population at Red Acres dwindled to a few more than 20. Gradually there was a transition. The Boston police horses, their feet and legs gone. The private mounts of horse people no longer able to pay for their care. The carriage horse supplanted by the auto but still too beloved to send to the auction or the grave. Where there was sufficient to pay Miss Bird charged for the hay and grain used. Where there was not, she footed the entire bill.

Then came the second war and its
(Continued on page 14)

CAPE COD BRANCH

MARGARET MORSE COFFIN, *Director*

HARWICHPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Like a rusty pump by the edge of the marsh

*Bird notes are sounding loud and harsh
Now flashes of flame as against black night*

Red Wings returned from their long, long flight.

YES, these harbingers of Spring have been gladly welcomed. Noisy though they are, they have borne no ill will toward the smaller birds, many of which have remained with us all Winter. Chickadees, tree and fox sparrows, white throated sparrows, gold finches now in gay Summer apparel have been steady visitors at our feeding trays, while bluebirds, dickcissels, a small flock of cedar waxwings and many other interesting birds have come and gone.

No Yellow Breasted Chats remained this year, alas, as they did until late April of last year when the male bird sang his nuptial song and they flew off to find a nesting place. As described in our recent March issue, three chats to all appearances their progeny appeared early last Winter, stayed on through ice and snow, especially enjoying the little alcove where we hung their favorite raisins. But whether because of starlings with their cruel bills or a bold sharp shinned hawk which invaded our sanctuary, tragedy befell. The tiny chat, much smaller than the other two, was found dead with a broken neck, evidently stabbed from the rear. The medium sized bird nearly hidden in a low, dense evergreen by the kitchen window was last seen with tattered plumage picking furtively at dry twigs. The large handsome male, formerly immaculate but later battered and belligerent, was shrieking as he made short outward

rushes across the feeding table. At the moment no other bird was in sight but evidently he was taking his last stand, holding the fort against all comers. We never saw this pair again.

Although we are fortunate in having animal minded friends all the way from Maine to the West Coast by way of Texas, a Boston acquaintance once remarked, "I really can't give to your Cape Cod Branch — it is so far away." It might surprise her to know how from time to time we make unexpected contacts with friends of animals there.

One day while scanning the Lost and Found column in the Boston Herald, I noted that a pet black cat was lost from Beacon Hill. Recalling immediately that a friend in that neighborhood who is devoted to cats had found after a recent storm a handsome black cat, evidently a pet, hiding in her cellar, I telephoned her. She immediately called the number given. After various delays — "Wrong number" — "Nobody of that name there" — and so on — she located at last an excited owner who came immediately to claim Sambo. And this owner, nearly overcome with joy and not ashamed to show it was no traditional old lady cat owner but a young, husky man.

There are so many heart aches in connection with this work — so many persons who can't see why some of us are impelled to strive for better conditions for animals in need, that it is a boon now and then to receive a word or a kind letter from those who do understand. A former Cape dweller now living in California wrote, "I am sending my check for another year's membership. I want you to know how interested I am in all the

articles in your magazine. May your work go on forever helping our four-footed friends."

A long time member who had sent her annual contribution last summer, wrote again in the autumn enclosing a second donation with the words, "I regret that I cannot attend the annual fair in Boston this year owing to ill health." Brave and generous to the last! Before the date of the fair occurred she had passed to the world beyond.

Often I am reminded of Mrs. Huntington Smith's indignation when the president of a Woman's Club after a perfunctory reading of an appeal written her by Mrs. Smith, set it aside with the comment, "Now we can turn to *important* matters."

It would seem that in these more than fifty years since that episode occurred, the world must have grown more aware of its responsibility to our "Dumb" animals. So it was disheartening to read recently that under almost similar circumstances a woman's club president commented, "I can't imagine how *that* matter concerns *us*!"

One bright spot on today's horizon is the teaching being given children and their response to such teaching. Since distributing recently our Humane Week posters in local schools, more understanding letters have been sent me than it is possible to include in full, so I make the following quotations from these stories written by grade V pupils in the Harwich Elementary School:

WHY WE SHOULD BE KIND TO ANIMALS

"Too many people think of animals as dumb things. That's wrong, for even though they can't speak they like

to be treated just like human beings. Some people hurt them. Don't do it. They are the best friends you have."

"Don't lose your temper. If you get mad at your pet, that will make him wild and ready to fight."

"Be kind to birds. Put out feeders and bird houses. It will make you feel better on a stormy day."

"When you go for a walk in the woods and see a wild animal, don't scare it away. If you have a gun and see a bird, don't shoot it."

"Always be kind to your pets because they are part of the family."

"If your dog is like mine he probably likes to eat all the time. Do not give him rich food. See that he always has a dish of fresh water."

"Hunters are mean. Some people hunt just for fun, but I don't think animals have fun being killed. Other people catch animals and sell them to zoos. If you were in a cage and being teased, how would you like it?"

"My cat had to be put away, but I still think a lot about her. She was black and white and about three quarters of a year old. I always fed her before I went to school and at supper time."

"Feeding the birds is being kind. Try to feed them at the same time every day, then they will know when you expect them."

"If you have patience with your dog, it will be easy for you to train him. He needs exercise. Take him

for a good walk or run, away from crowded highways, every day if possible. And give him a clean bed to sleep in."

"Give your pet love. One of the things that a pet needs is to know he is wanted and appreciated. Reward him for being good. He will respond by being kind and gentle."

Several of our friends lately have had to part with their beloved dog companions. My heart goes out to them. It is some years since our gallant Bo, mascot of our Cape Cod Branch when first we organized here, passed from our sight. But no trek along the shore, no ramble through the woods, has ever seemed the same without him.

Wait for Me

Bright blue the sky, the sea is still,
I follow the foot path down our hill,
When a cry like elfin hounds at bay
Rings echoing through a winding way.
Or is some lonely, lost banshee
Wistfully calling, "Wait for me?"

Pursuing, panting, hard on my track,
Pink tongue lolling, nose to the ground,
Small white terrier splashed with black,
Comes Bozo and his that haunting sound —
"Must you desert me faithlessly?
"Wait for me, Missy, wait for me!"

Through fortune's change with steadfast air,
You're watching, Bo. Your eyes impart,
"Come good or ill, days foul or fair,
I'm following you, my loyal heart
To its last beat unflatteringly
Is all for you — just wait for me."

So Bozo, when it falls that you
Find those far isles beyond the blue,
My prayer goes with you down the years,
Beyond these troubled hemispheres
In Elysian fields, little white soul free,
"Wait for me, laddie, wait for me!"

MARGARET MORSE COFFIN



Be Kind to Animals Week

THIS YEAR as always, we attempted to emphasize in our publicity for Be Kind to Animals Week the necessity of being kind to all animals throughout the entire year. The single week of April 25 through May 1 was used to bring to the attention of all persons the debt that we owe to our fourfooted and feathered friends — a debt that can only be amortized by our continued thoughtfulness and concern for their welfare every day of the year.

During our usual Open House at the shelter, we were delighted to be able to invite children from the Joshua Bates, Franklin, Rice, and Williams Schools in Boston to visit with us and observe the usual array of dogs and cats, kittens and puppies, as well as rabbits, chicks, and a visitor from the Arctic — a Snowy Owl. After the tour of the shelter, the classes gathered in the assembly hall on the second floor to talk about the work of the League, and what they

as individuals could do to promote kindness to animals. The program was concluded with a motion picture about Hoppy the Bunny, and a lollipop was presented to each child through the courtesy of Paul's Texaco Station.

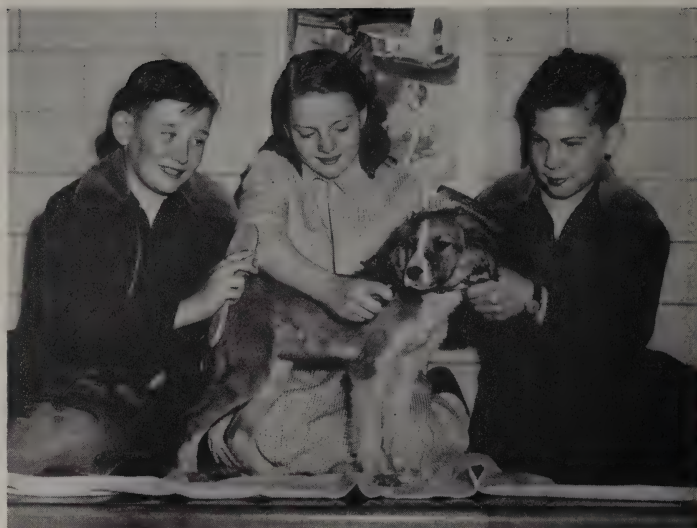
While we were entertaining these young guests at our shelter, the staff of our Education Department, Miss Harriett Flannery, Director and Mrs. Miriam Smith, were carrying the

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message of Kindness to Animals into the schools of Greater Boston with their inimitable puppet shows. During this week shows were staged for the Julia Ward District at the Julia Ward Howe School in Boston, the Bowditch School in Salem, the Hadley School in Swampscott, and the Parmenter School in Franklin. This is only a sample of the busy weeks that these girls put in during the entire school year.

Nearly a thousand posters urging "Be Kind To Animals" were sent out to schools, libraries, boys' and girls' clubs, and settlement houses throughout Eastern Massachusetts. Included with these was an appeal to every dog owner to license his dog. One of the kindest things a dog owner can do for himself and his pet is to have it properly licensed for easy identification if it should get lost or stray away from home.



Record-American Photo by Edward Stephan

John Lenhardt, Arlene Bibl and Russell Langford, students at the Franklin School, Boston, give a puppy some special grooming at the League Shelter during Be Kind to Animals Week.



MAKE A DATE TO DONATE to



THE LEAGUE'S 52ND ANNUAL FAIR

PLAN NOW and throughout the summer for your donations to the Fair to be held, as in previous years, in the ballroom of the Sheraton Plaza Hotel on November 18 and 19. Many articles of almost any description are needed to assure the success of this annual drive for funds to support our work. A few suggestions are listed below. Remember, we are planning another auction for which there is no limit to the type and variety of acceptable articles.

*Afghans
Antiques
Aprons
Baby Things
Books
Candy
Clothing of All Kinds*

*Dusters
Food
Gifts for Xmas
Greeting Cards
Handkerchiefs
Holders
Household Supplies*

*Jams
Jellies
Preserves
Quilts and Rugs
Towels
Toys
Trinkets*

Our trucks will be available after September 1st to make pickups anywhere within the area of our Collection Service. Articles sent through the mail or delivered in person will be gratefully accepted any time at our Headquarters Building, 51 Carver Street, Boston 16, Mass. Special arrangements can be made to call for furniture and other large items requiring special handling, by calling the Fair Manager, Earl Wentzel, at HANcock 6-9170.

Laddie WINS AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION'S Patsy Award

AUDREY HEPBURN and William Holden may have won Oscars for their acting ability, but perhaps this was because they did not have to compete against Laddie, a dog, who was presented the fourth annual PATSY Award, which signifies "Picture Animal Top Star of the Year."

The American Humane Association, which supervises the use of animals in motion pictures, again conducted a national poll of film critics, columnists, and editors to choose the top animal stars of 1953.

The awards were presented Sunday afternoon, March 28, 1954, at Devonshire Downs, Northridge, California, with Chill Wills (the "voice" of Francis the talking mule) as Master of Ceremonies. Twenty-five hundred people were attracted to the presentations, including a number of well-known actors and actresses.

The top PATSY Award went to the Collie dog, Laddie, owned and trained by Rudd Weatherwax, who played the dog "Sam" in the motion picture "Hondo" produced by Wayne-Fellows Productions and released by Warner Brothers. The second place winner was Francis, the mule, for his work in "Francis Covers the Big Town," produced by Universal-International Pictures. Francis, incidentally, won the first annual PATSY Award. Third spot went to Jackie, the lion, who appeared in "Androcles and the Lion," an R.K.O. Radio Pictures production.

The special award given in honor of Richard C. Craven, veteran film-industry humanitarian, to an "un-

sung, unheralded player of the movie animal world, whose very specialized training makes certain filming possible" was won by the trained falling horse, Cocaine, owned by Chuck Robertson. Mr. Craven, now retired, was for many years the Association's Western Regional Director and through his efforts was established the agreement now in force between the American Humane Association and the Motion Picture Producer's Association, for the very careful supervision of film animal scenes. This work is now supervised by Dr. Wesley A. Young, whom many of our readers will remember as a former Chief Veterinarian of the Animal Rescue League of Boston.

Dr. W. A. Young {kneeling} awards the gold PATSY to Laddie. Rudd Weatherwax, Laddie's trainer, is in center. The boy is Lee Akers, child star of "Hondo."
At left is Doris Cameron of the AHA Hollywood staff.

Photo by Charlie See



Following the presentations a program of special events thrilled and delighted the audience. The Golden Horse Quadrille of San Fernando Valley with six couples, color bearer, guidon and drill captain put fifteen beautiful horses in action to the delighted amazement of all. The wranglers with the stagecoach, blind driving, running transfer and the breakaway wagon provided added thrills as did the antics of Tamba, the chimp, Flame, the dog, and many other animals.

The event demonstrated the importance of animals in motion pictures and is an indication of even finer animal films in the future.



MAKE A DATE TO DONATE

to the League's

ANNUAL FAIR



(Continued from page 9)

aftermath a deadlier cut into the popularity of the horse. It seemed to Miss Bird that the horse would die out before she did.

So, in order that there would be no flapping of the canvas on the ship of her benevolence, she founded a small-animals free clinic in Allston. There in the Merwin Memorial, named for a leader in the animal rescue field, a full time veterinarian and attendants minister to nearly 6000 dogs and cats annually.

Miss Bird is internationally known for her animal charity. An English magazine a few years ago devoted a "spread" to her accomplishments. The Animal Rescue League this summer, on the occasion of her resignation as director stated in a brief biography that her accomplishments in her chosen field were too numerous

to mention. It cited her sympathy and understanding.

The October twilight was fading as we stood in the back yard of her little white house and she pointed to two small crosses near the edge of the woodland which hides the bridle trails surrounding the 100-acre farm. One marked the grave of a 40-year-old pony mare, dear to the heart of her farmer, in her employ 47 years. The other covered the last resting place of a Boston terrier, killed by a hit-and-run driver on the highway in front of the house. But a tight fence enclosed a large area of the grassed yard where the dog's successor, another Boston, a puppy, could romp without danger. Miss Bird will combat any threat old or new to animals.

We strolled to the front of the house where a man sat at the wheel of her big sedan. She hurried over to

him. "Charlie, I'm terribly sorry to have kept you waiting. I'll only be a minute," and she turned back to say goodbye to me. Charlie has been in Miss Bird's employ a relatively short time, a matter of only 36 years.

As I climbed into my car and watched her drive off a bit of our conversation came back. She had been describing her work with the army during the first World War and sought to recapture the name of a young cavalry officer who had impressed her. "He was such a nice young man. What was his name? You know, he stayed on Corregidor after MacArthur left."

"Wainwright?" I suggested, recalling the Hero of the Rock who had just recently died from the rigors of that immortal stand and the March to Bataan which followed.

"Wainwright," she said. "Yes, a wonderful young man."



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Animal Collection Service Schedule

In order that our readers may be entirely aware of our ambulance collection service, you will find on this page an explanation of this activity.

We cover the following towns and communities every day, Monday through Saturday: Allston, Auburndale, Back Bay, Belmont, Brighton, Brookline, Cambridge, Charlestown, Chelsea, Chestnut Hill, Dorchester, East Boston, Everett, Forest Hills, Hyde Park, Jamaica Plain, Malden, Mattapan, Medford, Milton, Neponset, Newton, Newton Highlands, Newtonville, Newton Upper Falls, Newton Lower Falls, North End (City), Orient Heights, Readville, Roslindale, Roxbury, Somerville, South Boston, South End (City), Waban, Watertown, Waverley, West End (City), West Newton, West Roxbury.

The schedule below lists the suburban areas which we service one, two or three days each week. FOR THIS SERVICE CALL: HAncock 6-9170 or drop a card to us at 366 Albany Street, Boston 18.

<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>
ALLERTON	BURLINGTON	ARLINGTON	ALLERTON	ARLINGTON
ARLINGTON	NO. READING	ARL. HEIGHTS	ATLANTIC	ARL. HEIGHTS
ARL. HEIGHTS	READING	BEDFORD	BRAINTREE	CANTON
ATLANTIC	STONEHAM	COCHITUATE	COHASSET	DEDHAM
BRAINTREE	WILMINGTON	CONCORD	EGYPT	GREENWOOD
COHASSET	WINCHESTER	DEDHAM	HINGHAM	MELROSE
DEDHAM	WOBURN	DOVER	HOUGHS NECK	MEL. HIGHLANDS
EGYPT		FRAMINGHAM	HULL	NEEDHAM
GREENWOOD		ISLINGTON	KENBURMA	NEED. HEIGHTS
HINGHAM		LEXINGTON	MONTCLAIR	PONKAPOG
HOUGHS NECK		LINCOLN	NANTASKET	RANDOLPH
HULL		MEDFIELD	QUINCY	SHARON
KENBURMA		MELROSE	SCITUATE	STONEHAM
MONTCLAIR		NATICK	SQUANTUM	WAKEFIELD
MELROSE		NEEDHAM	WEYMOUTH	WALTHAM
MEL. HIGHLANDS		NEED. HEIGHTS	WOLLASTON	WELLESLEY
NANTASKET		NORWOOD		WELLS. HILLS
NEEDHAM		SAXONVILLE		WINCHESTER
NEED. HEIGHTS		SOUTH NATICK		
QUINCY		SUDBURY		
SCITUATE		WALPOLE		
SQUANTUM		WALTHAM		
WAKEFIELD		WAYLAND		
WALTHAM		WELLESLEY		
WELLESLEY		WELLESLEY HILLS		
WELLS. HILLS		WESTON		
WEYMOUTH		WESTWOOD		
WOLLASTON				

For the following towns call LYnn 3-6642: Beach Bluff, Beachmont, Beverly, Cliftondale, Gloucester, Linden, Lynn, Lynnfield, Marblehead, Middleton, Nahant, Peabody, Revere, Saugus, Swampscott, West Peabody.

We do not pick up *dead* animals. Call the Department of Sanitation for the city in which you live for this service.

Animal Rescue League of Boston

51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

Telephone: HAncock 6-9170 — Nights, Sundays and Holidays: HAncock 6-3736

A Wholly Independent Organization Founded in 1899 by Mrs. Huntington Smith

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Small Animal Out-Patient Clinic is maintained at headquarters. Dr. Malcolm Carsley, Veterinarian-in-Charge. *Clinic Hours:* Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m. to 12 noon. During July and August the Clinic will not be open on Saturday.

Pine Ridge Cemetery for Small Animals and *Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses* are maintained at 246 Pine Street, Dedham, Arthur W. Foster, Superintendent. Arrangements for burials, including cremations, may be made at 51 Carver Street.

Albany Street Shelter, Boston, is open 24 hours a day to receive animals.

RECEIVING STATIONS

Boston Shelter 366 Albany Street

Dedham 246 Pine Street

East Boston Police Station No. 7

West Lynn Sherman Bates, 4 Neptune Street

Cape Cod

Eastham Dr. James H. Leach, Fort Hill Road

North Harwich Hilliard Hopkins, Depot Street

Donations, Membership Fees and Bequests provide the main support of the League. Become a member, send a donation or make provision for us in your will, and help insure our continued protection of stray, unwanted, sick and injured animals. Of every paid-up League membership of \$2.00 or more, \$1.00 is for a year's subscription to *Our Fourfooted Friends*.

MEMBERSHIP FEES

Life	\$100.00 in one payment
Supporting	25.00 annually
Contributing	10.00 annually
Active	5.00 annually
Associate	2.00 annually
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FORM OF BEQUEST

To the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE OF BOSTON

I give, devise and bequeath the sum of
dollars, and the real estate situated at No.
Street, in the city (or town) of